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pected problem is, What raises the question? For if a question is to have a scientific or philosophical character and is to be, at the same time, a question about existence, it must be raised by a situation which is not merely an ambiguity in dialectic, nor concern for a treasured metaphor, nor the inertia of a tradition.

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MIND AS AN OBSERVABLE OBJECT[1]

IT is seldom given to philosophers to enter into one another's enthusiasms, but they are sometimes allowed to share a disappointment. And could anything be more generally disappointing than the attitude of a certain important group of natural philosophers toward the study of minds? I refer to that curious bit of reasoning commonly known as the "analogy argument" which runs somehow thus: I am aware, and I alone am aware, that certain of my bodily acts are accompanied by mental states. When I observe similar acts in other bodies I infer that they too are accompanied by like states of mind. No experience can be brought to confirm this inference, but then nothing can transpire to refute it. Meanwhile, my feelings are spared a severe strain by risking it—the loneliness of not risking it is too tragic to be faced.

The objectionable points of this line of argument are just all the points that make it up. To begin with, it is so far from self-evident that each man's mental state is his own indisputable possession, that no one hesitates to confess at times that his neighbor has read him better than he has read himself, nor at other times to claim that he knows his neighbor's state of mind more truly than the neighbor himself knows it. No one finds fault with Thackeray for intimating that the old Major is a better judge of Pendennis's feeling for the Fotheringay than is Pendennis himself. To be sure, we are more likely to accept such situations when the state of mind read from the outside is complex and subtle; but there should be no difference in principle between the diagnosis of love and a test for color-blindness. It is quite as likely that under certain conditions I do not know what red is, as that, under other conditions, I do not know what love is. In a word, so long as we are social beings our judgments, even the simplest of them, have social meanings, and each knows himself through others.

[1] Paper read before the American Philosophical Association at Princeton, December 29, 1910.

Next, the analogy argument calls its procedure an inference. Now, everybody knows that an inference from a thousand cases is more valuable than one drawn from a hundred, that an anticipation based on a hundred observations is safer than one which has only ten to support it. But there are those who, knowing all this, would conclude that an inference from one instance has *some* value. If in my case mental states accompany my body's behavior, there is at least *some* ground for supposing that like acts of another's body are in like manner paralleled. This illusion, for it is one, springs, I think, from a failure to catch the meaning of inference. An inference from a single case, if it be really an inference from a single case, has exactly no value at all. No one would be tempted to attribute eight planets to every sun because our sun has eight such satellites. The reason that a single observation is sometimes correctly assumed to have weight is that the method of observing has been previously tested in a variety of cases. The shop-keeper measures his bit of fabric but once; he has, however, measured other fabrics by the same method numberless times, and has a fairly clear idea of the probable error of his result. But the principle holds absolutely of all results: no series of observations, no probable error, no ground for inference, no meaning as a datum.

Nor is our line of argument happier in its next point. The hypothesis of other minds is one that must be regarded as referring to the *jenseits* of things that make a difference to my experience. There is a definition of pragmatism that is to be found among the last sayings of the man whose absence this day leaves us lonely indeed; a definition that tempts me to think that I have always been, in all innocence, a pragmatist.

"The serious meaning of a concept," writes James, following Peirce, "lies in the concrete difference to some one which its being true will make. Strive to bring all debated conceptions to that 'pragmatic' test, and you will escape vain wrangling. . . . If it can make no practical difference whether a given statement be true or false, then the statement has no real meaning."

If the method defined in this passage be accepted, and I can not see how one can fail to accept it even if one prove unfaithful to it afterwards, then could anything more fully illustrate the meaning of the "meaningless" than that hypothesis of other minds in which the analogy argument culminates? Whatever may be said for the reasoning, is its conclusion at least right? Alas, I can not know. If right, my experience can not inform me; if wrong, my experience can not disillusion me. It makes no practical difference to me whether I am right or wrong. Pragmatic conclusion: I can not have made a meaningful hypothesis.

But here I hesitate. The same writer whose definition of method I was eager to accept as pointing the lack of meaning in the hypothesis under consideration, is capable of interpreting his own words, "that which makes a practical difference," in a way one might be excused for having overlooked as a possibility. He had once said—quite as we should have expected him to say—that "'God' and 'matter' might be regarded as synonymous terms so long as no differing future consequences were deducible from the two conceptions." Should we not equally have expected him to say that a soulful neighbor and a soulless one were synonymous terms so long as the two neighbors treated us in the same way? Yet not only does he refuse to go so far, but, coming face to face with the problem, he hastily retraces steps already ventured. "I had no sooner given the address (containing the statement respecting 'God' and 'matter') than I perceived a flaw in that part of it. The flaw was evident when, as a case analogous to that of a godless universe, I thought of what I called an 'automatic sweetheart,' meaning a soulless body, which should be absolutely indistinguishable from a spiritually animated maiden, laughing, talking, blushing, nursing us, and performing all feminine offices as tactfully and as sweetly as if a soul were in her. Would one regard her as a full equivalent? Certainly not, and why? Because, framed as we are, our egoism craves above all things inward sympathy and recognition, love and admiration. The outward treatment is valued mainly as an expression, as a manifestation of the accompanying consciousness believed in. Pragmatically, then, belief in an automatic sweetheart would not *work*, and in point of fact no one treats it as a serious hypothesis. The godless universe would be exactly similar. Even if matter could do every outward thing that God does, the idea of it would not *work* as satisfactorily, because the chief call for a God on modern men's part is for a being who will inwardly recognize them and judge them sympathetically. Matter disappoints this craving of our ego; so God remains for most men the truer hypothesis, and indeed remains so for definite pragmatic reasons."

I conceive that no criticism could make heavier the burden of disappointment which these words of their own weight carry with them into the soul of any man who, having found no better reason for believing in God and his fellows than the analogy argument furnishes, now finds no better motive for believing than this kind of pragmatism holds forth. Instead of criticizing, let me use the picture to contrast with it another which, in spite of certain elements that may at first sight offend previous ideas on the subject of soul, must at least satisfy the reason of an empiricist.

No, I suppose no one would regard a soulless sweetheart as a full equivalent for a soulful one, as these words soulless and soulful are ordinarily used. But just there is the point: how are they ordinarily used? If I imagine myself come to believe that my mistress, with all her loveliness, is really without soul, I can not think what I should mean by this, if it be not that I fear her future conduct will not bear out my expectations regarding her. Some trait or gesture, a mere tightening of the lips, hardening of the eye, stifling of a yawn, one of those things we say are rather felt than seen, would have raised in my mind the suspicion that she might not, to my fuller experience of her, remain indistinguishable from a spiritually-minded maiden. Aye, now that I come to think of it, has she ever been, except to my blinded eyes, indistinguishable from one who had that "inward sympathy and recognition, love and admiration, that above all things my egoism craves"?

Isn't this what we mean by the practical issue involved in the disjunction—soul or no soul? Of course they are not equivalent, these two, and they are not so just because a soul is not the kind of thing the analogy argument takes it to be. It would never occur to me to try to hold this suspicioned lady's soul by tying an eject around her neck. What she is for me and what she is *an sich* constitutes just such a difference, now that it is a question of a soul, as it would were any other fact of nature up for discussion. The poorer and the fuller experience of the thing, these and these alone define such a difference. I am afraid to know my sweetheart better lest I come upon that trait of her behavior which would only too surely distinguish her from the soul-inspired maiden I had taken her to be. If, *per impossibile,* I could be assured that no such trait of behavior would ever reveal itself to the fullest experience, and if the hypothesis were still thrust upon me that she might nevertheless be without soul, my feelings would react as they might be expected to do were one to assure me that a given figure must prove to all possible observation three-sided and plain enough, yet might *an sich* be without triangularity.

If my analysis of this concrete situation has not been too badly received, I shall have courage to utter the full thought that lies behind the criticisms and suggestions that have been submitted. It is this: Consciousness is not something inferred from behavior, it is behavior. Or, more accurately, our belief in consciousness is an expectation of probable behavior based on an observation of actual behavior, a belief to be confirmed or refuted by more observation, as any other belief in a fact is to be tried out.

You will ask me: What aspect of the behavior of certain objects

leads us to call them conscious? I answer, I do not know, and expect never surely to know. Had I been asked: What aspect of the behavior of certain objects leads us to call them alive? I must have returned the same answer. The deep, blind instincts of the race, slowly working themselves out into the classifications we now so readily accept and so facilely apply, these instincts are not easily to be enticed out into the light of day. But though I don't know what life means, nor what consciousness means, I feel that I know how we may go to work to find out these things, if once we see that neither stands for an eject forever veiled and hidden in the land beyond experience. Instead, then, of venturing a word where a long and patient analysis would alone suffice, I may confine myself to the weighing of certain objections that would attack the very method here suggested for finding out what consciousness means.

The whole situation out of which the analogy argument springs is that seized upon by English sensualism. Here the essential idea is that I have certain immediate data, recognizable and namable each by itself. Out of these simple ideas (whether of sensation alone or of sensation and reflection) I build my world of objects, including my own body and the bodies of other humans. If I am to suppose these other beings have minds at all, I must suppose that their minds work in the same way to build up a world in which my body is an object. But if they do, then they start from data as independent of any reference to mine as I assume mine to have been from any allusion to theirs.

To one who can not rid himself of this way of philosophizing, it is impossible that any analysis of behavior that I might undertake should prove satisfying. The whole idea of my thesis would be simply an absurdity. For—and if I have not emphasized the point sufficiently I now take the opportunity to do so—it is essential to my thesis that I regard my own mind as behavior, quite as frankly as I take my fellow's mind to be nothing else. It is of course a *type* of behavior that is in question, and it is my observation that I act like or unlike others in certain situations which makes me class my experience as of such and such a kind. If the part of my behavior that is dependent upon my eyes being open and directed toward an object is identical when that object is blood and when it is grass, while that of other men similarly placed is different toward the two, I judge that I have only one color sensation where they have two. In all such cases my notion of my mental state, as also the fact that I have any notion on the subject at all, is dependent upon my observation of behavior. It is impossible that any one should come even a first step toward agreeing with me if he is wedded to the

theory of experience that starts with a datum as a mason starts with a brick or a chemist starts with an atom.

I have on a former occasion before this association accepted the thesis that there is no such datum, and as even at that time there seemed to me nothing novel in such acceptance, but merely an insistence that we should not keep on forgetting what we had some time accepted as true, I need not argue the point here. As nearly as so complex a matter can be put in a few words, the thought is this: The beginning of our epistemological building is not a datum which might be known by itself, not, *e. g.*, the first sensation of a babe *in utero* or of a Condillac statue, but just any point at which it occurs to us to ask ourselves, What is it you know? and, How do you know it? From this point—it may as well be for a Newton the evening of the day he has given to the world his law of gravitation—from this point stretch out two wearily endless ways. The one leads toward, but never arrives at, the real object; the other leads toward, but never culminates in, the bare datum. We shall never have the one before the other, nor yet come nearer to the one save as we come nearer to the other. Sensualism is the philosophy of the impatient thinker who will arrive at all costs—the analogy argument is one of the costs.

But when I have made the sensualistic philosophy the soil from which the analogy argument favorably springs, I have not yet dug down to the roots. The whole attitude toward souls and the relation of souls to bodies which makes the outcome of "analogy" seem meaningful, even if regrettably insecure, is the result of much older habits of thought than those that guide the highly reflective procedure of a Locke or of a Hume. These primitive habits are intimately mixed with ethical motives, yet I think their deepest significance is to be caught by viewing them as early attempts at scientific method.

From this point of view, one must recognize the satisfaction that the most unreflective mind has in treating any complex thing as an additive result, a sum of simpler things. This instinct for adding might be illustrated almost indefinitely; but one or two cases will serve to show how addition has been used and abused.

We are barely through those long chapters in the history of science in which the theory of a hot body composed that object of a body plus heat. This heat was first conceived as itself a kind of body—a congeries of small, round atoms; then, since heat did not increase the mass to which it was added, it became the vaguer stuff called caloric. Nevertheless, however ghostly this caloric had become, it still went in and out of bodies like a stuff, fell under the

same principle of individuation that bodies fall under, was in short a sort of body, though a mysterious sort of body. We know with what travail this strong, primitive instinct to add was overcome, and men had the courage to say, "Heat is not something inferred from the heated behavior of a body, it is that behavior. A hot body differs from a cold body only in the way its parts move." The mystery had vanished. A quantity of heat had no longer an individuality of its own, but if it could be said to travel, it did so as a wave travels, and the theory of its nature became clear.

Again, we see this same instinct to add in a theory of life not yet past, perhaps, but certainly passing. As a hot body is a body plus heat, so a living body is a carcass plus life. The history of this conception is strikingly like that of the previous one. At first the thing added to body to make it alive was another body—the psyche —differing, may be, in certain of its qualities, but still falling under the same principles of individuation, having a history of its own when disembodied. Now, this psyche is reduced where it survives at all to that vague principle called "the vital," of which all that can be said is that it is a mystery. Few thinkers cling to this survival; for most of us a living body is a mechanism that behaves in a certain way, one that is well calculated to attain certain ends. Life is no longer a thing to be inferred from behavior; it is behavior, and while it is an aspect of a body's behavior from which other aspects may be distinguished, we no longer think of these aspects as separable. Disembodied life has been placed among the myths.

And now, should we not expect the same instinct to add to have played a part in our theory of consciousness? Aristotle, close as was his doctrine of forms to the treatment of life advocated in this paper, yet fell into the old habit when he composed a rational animal of an animal plus a rational soul "come from without." Descartes, close as he was to the theory that a living body is a mechanism behaving in a certain purposeful way, had yet to compose a human being of such a living body and a soul perched in the pineal gland. Are we so far from this when we confection a real sweetheart of an automatic one and an eject? To be sure the eject is not located and the kind of individuality it may have is not specified; but therewith we have taken from the additive soul the last thinkable trait it possessed. It has now the complete mystery of the meaningless.

Have we not come to the point of realizing the meaninglessness of the mystery?

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